

no.2
one dollar

YAKK
SKATEZINE



most everything:pete column
of h*ed:h*ed comix&drawing:
alex fotos:pete oral encou-
ragement:bill thanx:those wh
o helped but i didnt mention

OK, YOU CAN STOP CRYING NOW CAUSE THE SECOND
ISSUE IS HERE. ACTUALLY THIS ONE CAME ABOUT TO
BE A BIT MORE DIFFICULT THAN THE LAST ONE CAUSE
RICHMONDS BEEN REALLY STALE LATELY. OUR FIRST IS
SUE DID QUITE WELL. IT SOLD AT HIGH SPEED. OUR ON
LY REGRET IS THAT WE DID NOT HAVE A MAILING AD
DRESS AT THE TIME OF PUBLICATION, THUS NO MAIL
FLOWED OUR WAY. SO HERE IT IS. READ IT AND LEARN IT:

YAKK

**504 welwyn rd
richmond 23229**

SEND US ANYTHING WORTH READING, PICS ETC., INFO, AND YES WE WILL
EVEN EXCEPT CASH DONATIONS; WE HOPE TO START A MAIL DROP COLU
MN IN THE FUTURE, SO IF YOU CANT SKATE YOU CAN GET IN A LETTER.

RICHMOND HAS BEEN REALLY LAME LATELY, PERHAPS MOSTLY BECAUSE
OF THE DENSE AMOUNTS OF PRECIPITATION. IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY-
THING IS ALWAYS WET LATELY, THUS NO SKATING. ALTHOUGH THE WEATH
ER SUCKS, THERS A COUPLE NEW PLACES TO SKATE. THE FEDERAL RE-
SERVE DUCK POND IS COOL BUT YOU GET BUSTED EVERYDAY BUT SUN-
DAY. THERES ALWAYS STREET SESSIONS OCCURRING AT THE VACANT
7-11 OFF CARY ST., 7-11 COMES THROUGH ONCE AGAIN. A NEW DITCH
POPPED UP BEHIND FREEMAN HS. IT'S REALLY BORING, BUT ITS SOM-
THING TO DO. THE FUN RAMP NOW HAS VERT AND METAL COPING, ITS
STILL FUN, BUT NO LONGER THE FUN RAMP IT USED TO BE. BROWN TOWN
HAS A NEW LAYER AND IS ONCE AGAIN SMOOTH AND PRETTY. ON THE
OTHER HAND, RIVER ROAD IS DESPERATELY IN NEED OF A NEW LAYER
, SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS TO US, AND YOU WILL BE GREATLY PRAI-
SED. OHYEA, THERES ALSO A NEW RAMP UP OFF PARHAM ROAD. THIS
ONES GREAT: 9FT TRAS, FT VERT, 14FT FLAT, 16WIDE. THE KID SAID HE
WAS GOIN TO MOVE IT BUT I GUESS NOT. PERHAPS A LOCAL CONTEST
SITE FOR THE FUTURE. LOOK ALSO FOR A STREET CONTEST THIS
SPRING. THRASHER SAID SOMTHING ABOUT IT BUT NO PLANS YET.
THE NEW LAPPERS HOT, CCCC IS SUPPOSED TO GET A ROOF. WOW

bye,
pete

cover: alex, beyond flapped

YAKK

back: grade A



**sequential ↑
this issue**

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is the aggronan dead? please notify
us of his whereabouts. is H*Ed actu-
ally making his own movie? was craig
caught on film with chic by the grommet
s of the west end? Will scary learn
twists. no .are there too many b-side
airs in YAKK?



kevin grommet



chip**varial

ELEVEN Style



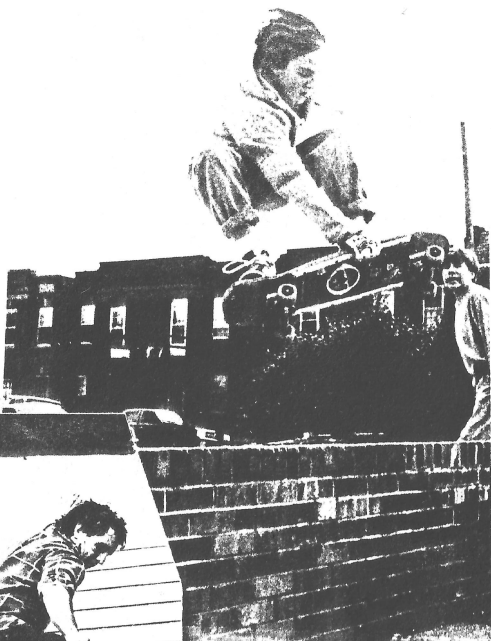
local



bill



pete of YAKK



max**over the wall



randy...searing



wade**frontside



loud grind



chip ** big gulp



chuck
and
STYMIE



CHUCK..... HE MAKES THESE



fat cop





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REVELATIONS AT BURGER KING

=====

There was once a young boy, who by some strange coincidence found himself at Burger King one rainy Saturday nite. Alone, lounging in a typical fast food eating booth, he pulled on one of his few remaining cigarettes. He noticed he had received a free game card with his coke. It was just another one of those promotional gimmicks which comes with any popular fast food purchase. Nevertheless it proclaimed that one could win instantly, but it wasn't stated what the prize was. Much to the boy's surprise the coupon read, "Sorry, you're not an instant winner.", but he thought he thought it said, "Today's your lucky day, you're an instant loser." It was true, he was a genuine loser. Well, wasn't it true that most unescorted 16 year olds sitting at Burger King were genuine losers.

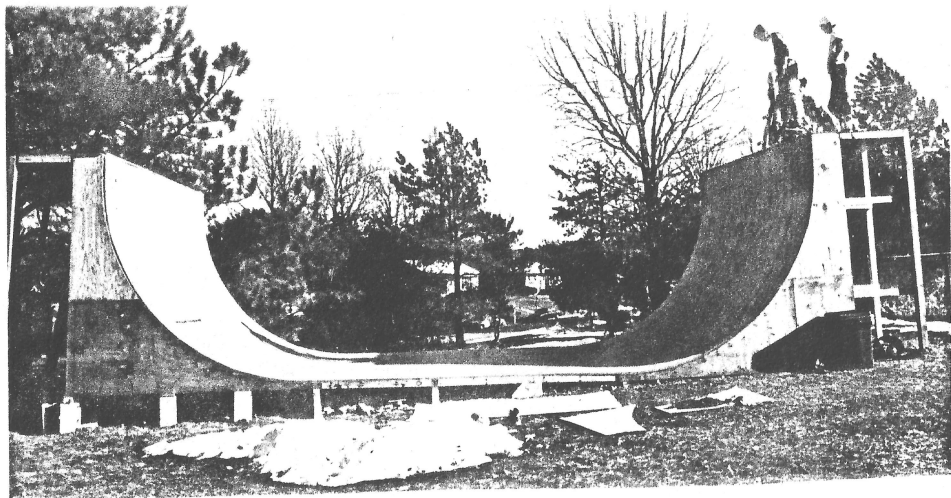
Lighting another cigarette, these thoughts soon passed and gave way to the heavy rain and the steady flow of taillights outside. Thoughts flowed by like the hum of the cars. The boy realized that it was impossible to derive satisfaction from a coke or a car, or even by becoming an instant winner. Perhaps peace of mind would come when he got some sleep - at least it was something to look forward to. Suddenly, he understood that true satisfaction could only come from experiencing death and going to sleep. Well, that's what he had been telling himself for 16 years.

He finally went outside and got in his car. Burger King was not the right place to carry out theological interpretations. No matter how hard he tried, the boy could not vanquish the thought process from his mind. Finally, as if by accident he became mesmerized by the taillights that were becoming even closer. The red lights grew larger and brighter until he couldn't bear their intense rays any longer. Regaining his senses, he realized there was no escape. There was no time to stop or steer away from the lights that stood motionless at the stoplight.

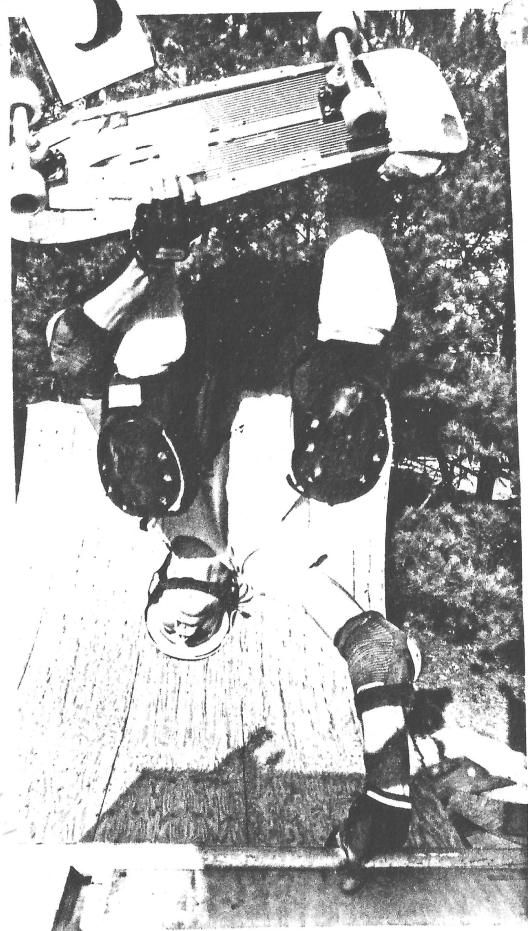
Carreying into a pair of the bright lights in an exotic frenzy of confusion, the boy suddenly became an instant winner.

H*Ed.

THE COLUMN OF H*Ed



SESSIONS: DONAHO'S

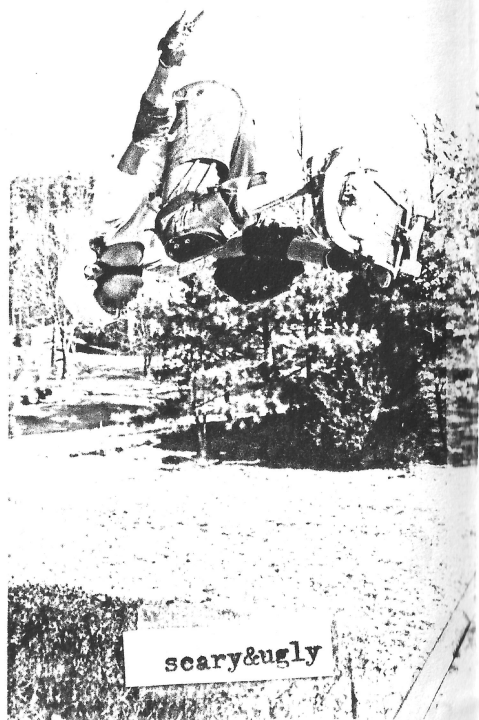


LEFT: scary

UP: craig, fakie slap



joe-slashin one



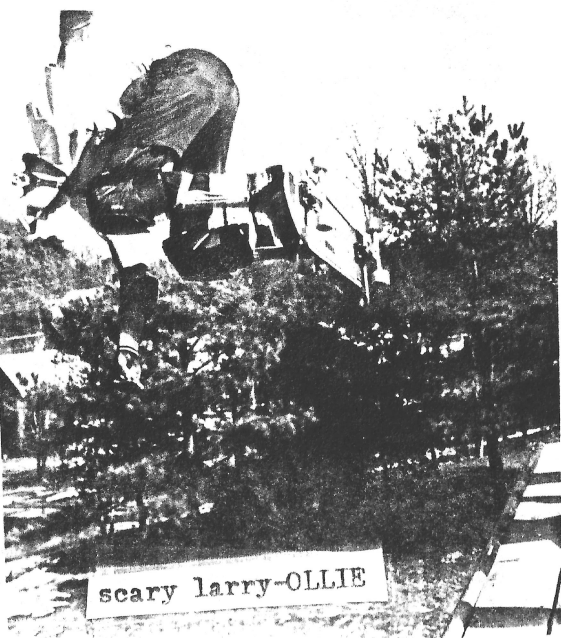
larry to tail



brandon-boned to hell



alex shaub



scary larry-OLLIE



mark g.



jay henry



MARK-hang it on your wall

YAKK
SKATEZINE



alex

joe b.

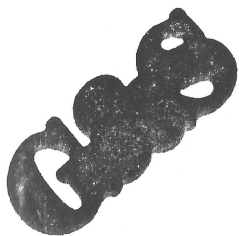


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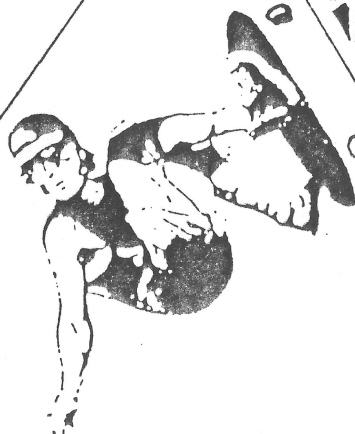


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the new generation

THE young lad approached the dillapidated area with fear, for he saw no BMWs or smiling mommies. THE ramp was gnashed from the years, its coping representing its personality. Its consumers were emmitting harsh, screeching, mettalic sounds with an excitement only certain individuals can experience. The boy gazed with ignorance, for he did not understand, what was this? Skateboarding was when guys with colorful garments and surftype complexions went 8ft. above a ramp built by their dads a couple summers ago. Why were they so excited by tese loud, boring runs?

The youth approached one of the skaters. HE was dripping blood, sweat, and inspiration. The boy spoke, "What was that," he said, "Backside Smith revert," replied the man.

"Can you make rocket airs, I saw Christian do them at trashmore." The skater grinned in a state of disgust and descended up the ladder. The boy was part of a blossoming organization of destruction.....the NEW generation.

The new generation is gradually bringing skating to a silent, gradual extinction. Its members like big airs and bigger airs. They worship Lester and Christian, because they go the highest. This group is putting individuals such as Monty Nolder, Mike Smith, and Tom Groholski out of business. Is it because they lack talent, or because they dont aim to kill birds after ascending the vert? Tricks such as the hurricane, new deal, and girder beam remain unknown and unpraised, yet could these mesiahs of the air perform them? They do not understand the satisfying emmission of a screeching grind, or the ideology that Neil Blender is GOD.

THESE PEOPLE HAVE TO GO, THE NEW GENERATION KILLS.

newdeal:

DO YOU DIG CERTAIN GNARLY
FOTOS IN YAKK skatezine?
DO YOU DEEPLY DESIRE TO HAVE
AN UGLY FRONTSIDE LAPPER ON
YOUR ROOM WALL? YOUR DREAMS
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youll get a full bleed, high contrast, black & white foto to

show to everyone. wow.

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address



THE FUN RAMP



KENNY

THIS RAMP IS THE FUNNEST
 THINK OF A TRICK AND YOU CAN
 DO IT HERE. THATS ALL THERE IS
 THERE HAS BEEN SOME HEAVY SE
 SSIONING HERE IN THE RECENT
 PASTBY THE AREAS FINEST. THE
 STRUCTURE PREVIOUSLY HAD AN
 8 FOOT TRANS AND WAS 6 FEET HIG
 H, BUT HAS RECENTLY UNDERGONE
 VERTICLE TRANSFORMATION, AND IS
 NOW A PLACE OF AIRS AND INVERTS.

COME SKATE HERE AND
 HAVE SOME FUN



THE HUDGE



BILL: DOUBLE RAILER



CHUCK MCGILL



H*E*D

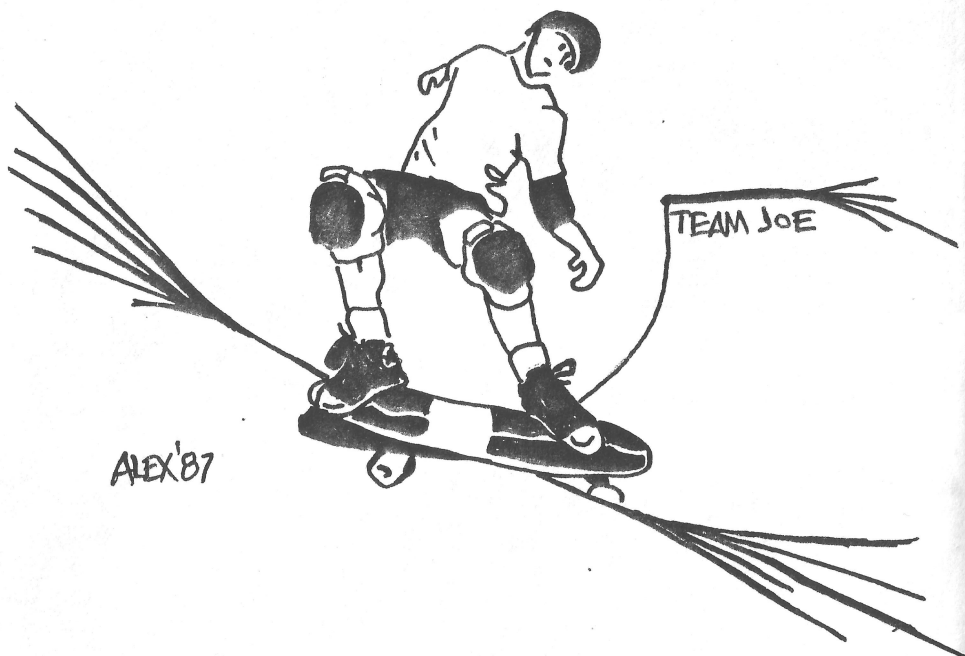
old style



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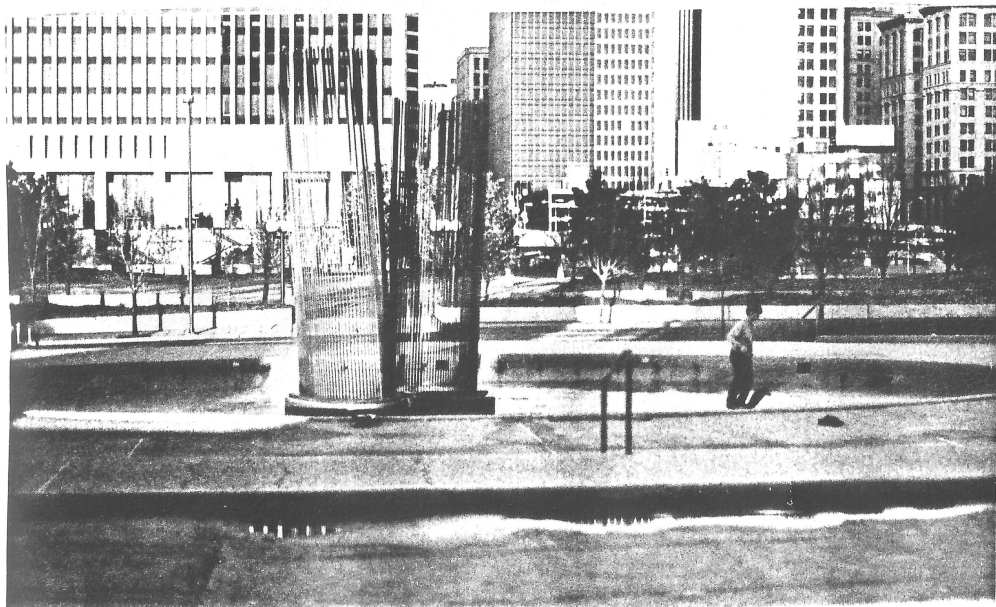
TRUCKS \$30 PR.

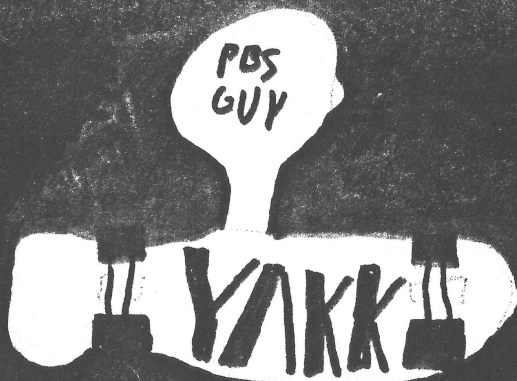
NEW RECTOR KNEE \$52.50

RECTOR ELBOW \$22.50

THE FED

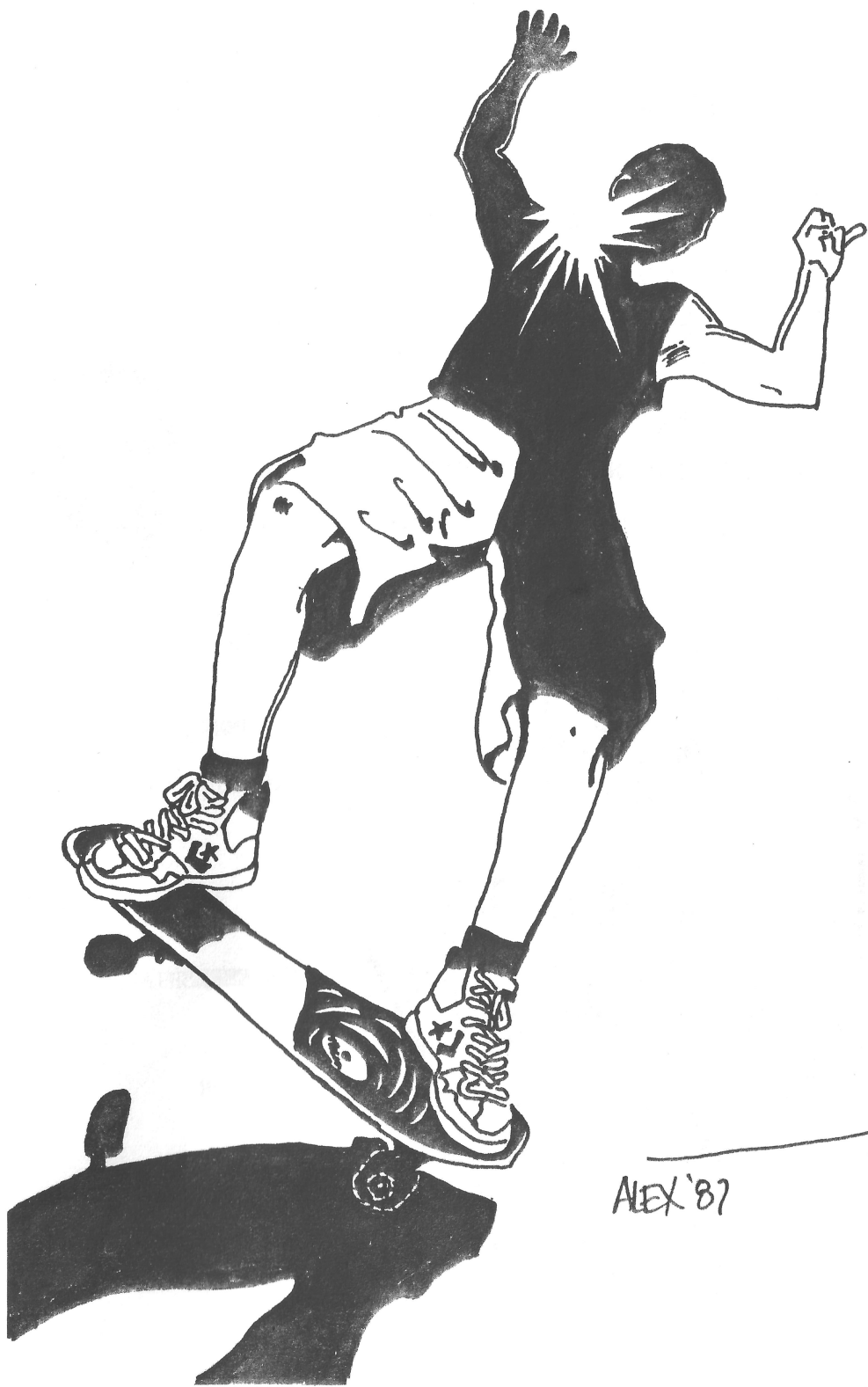
FEDERAL RESERVE DUCKPOND--take the downtown expressway to the 7th&9th street exit,drive a little farther,look to the right wow.





AFTERNOON -a special treat from H*Ed

There was once a young boy and girl, who one beautiful Sunday afternoon decided to go for a walk. They followed a railroad track which ran across an enormous bridge that spanned the width of a river below. There was a pair of abutments on either side of the track where one might seek refuge if a train came along. These resting places were spaced at regular intervals across the length of the bridge. Thus the boy and girl reasoned it was safe to cross. The soft summer rays accented the azure sky, and the breeze added to the air of tranquility. This peaceful scene was upset by the light and whistle of an oncoming train. Startled, the boy and girl both sought sanctuary in the recesses of the opposing alcoves. The roar of the engine was deafening as the train divided the two on separate sides of the track. The girl's playful mind had run rampant with the excitement of the train. She climbed around the narrow ledge of the abutment and hid herself. The train passed and the boy was once again exposed to the sunlight, but the girl was gone. He had made a rational deduction based on the present circumstances as to the whereabouts of the girl. Subsequently, in an exquisite state of mind, he stepped off the trestle, giving his life away. The girl came out of hiding. She sighed and continued to slowly meander the tracks that lay across the bridge. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The sun was out, but it wasn't bright enough to warm the rocks or river that lay below.



"IM GOIN HIGHER THAN BLUE BLAZES THIS RUN",--DEREK

"THE GRIPTAPE TEARS MY SHOES APART"--DARRYL

"ANYWAYS HES' DEAD,CAN I HAVE HIS BED MOMMA"--JOEY

"I DONT WANNA TALK TO HER,I JUST WANNA F*CK HER--JUSTIN

"IM NOT WORRIED ABOUT GETTIN OLD,I JUST DONT WANT TO BE AN OLD LADY"--BILL

"IS THAT A TRICK"--SOME ANOUNCER

"WHERE'S MY DAMN COOKIE"--TAPEWORM

"HEY PETE LOOK,THE IRONS FARTING"--YOUNG CHIC



NEW

SUMMER

ACTIONWEAR

LINE

OF

TEEEEEEEESHIRTS

COMING

SOON

SORRY

NO

MUSCLE

TEES

IN GOMPA'S DREAMS...

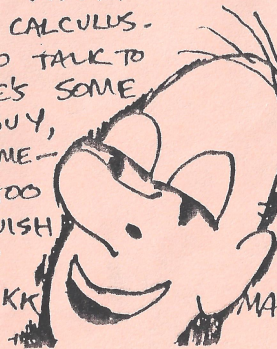
BY ALEX

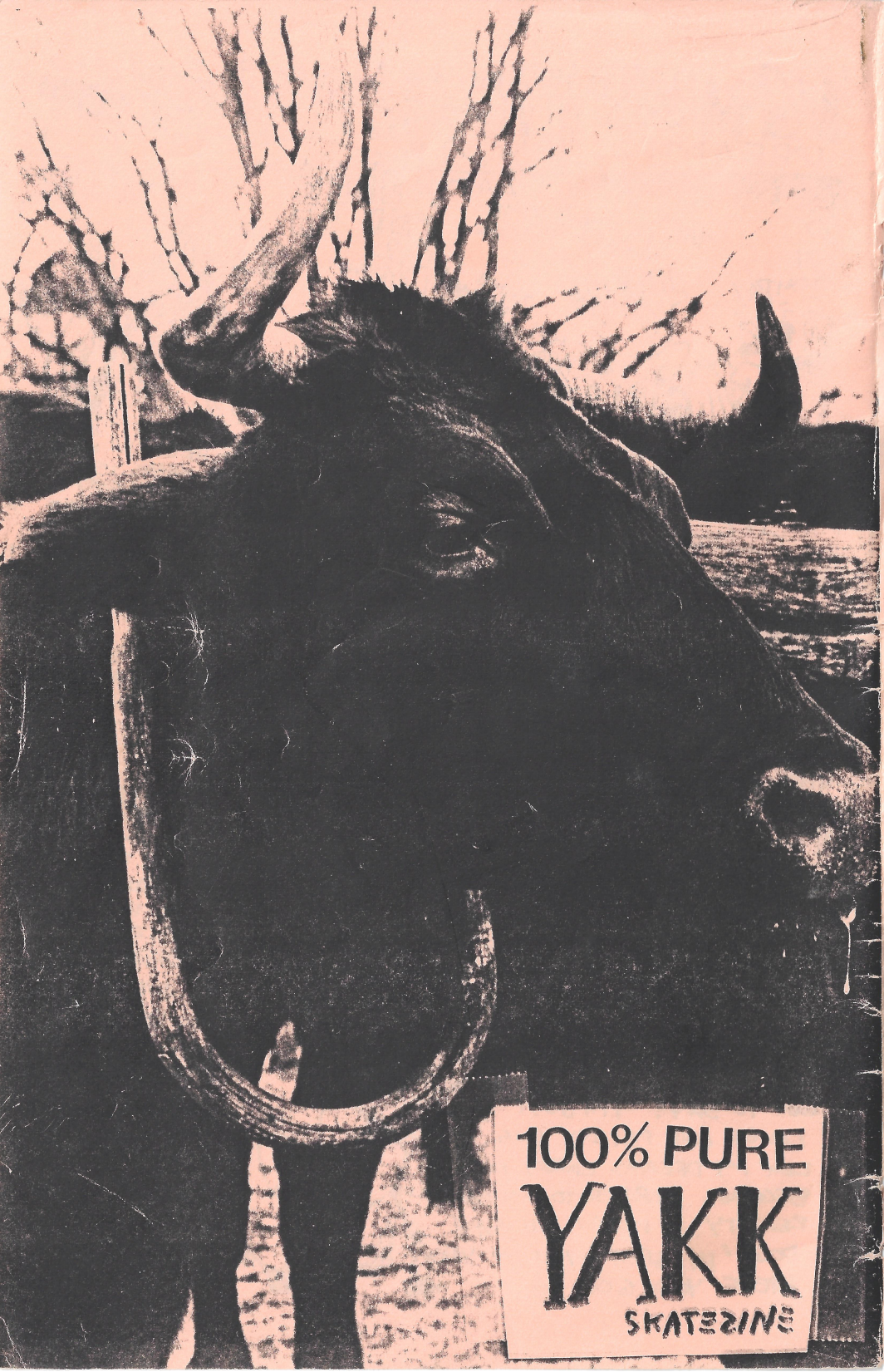


"THIS IS POINTLESS," YOU SAY. "IT'S STUPID AND MEANINGLESS" SAYS THE PERSON READING OVER YOUR SHOULDER - WELL SHUT UP OR PUT UP MAN! THIS IS MY COMIC AND I LIKE IT. -ALEX @ IF YOU'RE TOO HOTSY TOTSY TO ENJOY THIS THEN I SUGGEST YOU DRAW YOUR OWN -

GOMPA'S AN AMIABLE PERSON; HE JUST DOES WHAT HE WANTS AND LEAVES OTHERS ALONE. HE IS A MENTAL HERMIT. MANY DON'T UNDERSTAND HIM; SOME MISTAKE HIM FOR A WOODEN INDIAN HOLDING CIGARS, BUT MOST POSITIVELY, (NEGATIVELY?) EVERYONE MAKES FUN OF OUR FRIEND GOMPA. THEY THINK HE NEEDS HELP BREATHING. THINGS HE ENJOY: ARE MAKING HIS OWN BREAKFAST, ANT RACES, FINGER PAINTING ON CARS, AND CALCULUS. ANYONE WHO CAN GET A GIRL TO TALK TO ORVILLE REDDENBOCKER. HERE'S SOME GOT TO SAY: "I'M JUST A GUY, LAUGH AND PET MY DOG. SOME-LET MY DREAMS CARRY ME TOO BECOMES HARDER TO DISTINGUISH REALITY. I WANT TO SAY DOG. 'HI SPOT! I'M IN YAKK THERE YOU GO. @

HIS HEROS INCLUDE HIM AND OF WHAT HE'S I LIKE TO TIMES I FAR AND IT FANTASY FROM HI TO MY MAGAZINE!"





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